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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- December 17, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE STATE PRINTING

Mr. Chas. B. Calvo Appointed in Place of His Father.

The place of state printer was on December 13th declared vacant, and C. B. Calvo was appointed to the place.

The circumstances leading up to this action are quite sad and unfortunate. Mr. Charles A. Calvo, Jr., has been state printer for several years and was re-elected two years ago. In the early part of last summer his health failed him, overwork and the irregular life caused by his business having told both on his mental and physical condition. He was taken to a private sanitarium near Baltimore in the hope that scientific medical treatment and attention would bring him to himself again.

In the conduct of the business of publishing *The Register* and doing the State printing Mr. Calvo became largely indebted to Henry Lindenmeyer & Sons, of New York. Before he left Columbia, and immediately when it became evident to him that he would possibly not be able to personally conduct his business for some time, he executed a power of attorney to Mr. Thomas Addison, who has since been manager and editor, and Mr. Addison has conducted the paper as agent, Mr. Calvo being only nominally the proprietor, having nothing to do with its policy or its management.

The firm of Lindenmeyer, however, acted most generously, and during Mr. Calvo's incapacity for business have regularly paid his family \$20 per week.

The present manager of the *Register* was advised legally that the power of attorney held by him conveyed the state printing as well as the conduct of the paper. It must be remembered that *The Register*, as a paper, had nothing whatever to do with the state printing, the employees on it having nothing to do with that part of the business of Mr. Calvo. He was elected state printer as an individual, though the public and the newspapers have confounded the two.

Under the belief that the present management of the paper would carry out the contract of Mr. Calvo to do the state printing, all necessary paper stock, and supplies were laid in and the necessary employees secured to properly conduct the business and have it delivered with the usual promptness and dispatch. This cost a considerable sum, but that is neither here nor there.

Not until Friday did anything occur to raise a doubt as to whether this office was to do the work or not. Governor Ellerbe called up Mr. Addison over the telephone and informed Mr. Addison that Mrs. Calvo had secured a power of attorney from Mr. Calvo to do the state printing. This brought the question of precedence or value of the powers of attorney to a head.

Attorney General Barber was asked by the governor to give an opinion on the subject. He did so, and the substance of his advice was that the governor let things remain as they were unless some action was taken by the bondsmen of Mr. Calvo, his relatives or others interested to declare Mr. Calvo non compos mentis, holding that the office could not be declared vacant unless such formal action was taken or default was made.

Under the law, when the office is declared vacant, the governor and chairmen of the committees on printing in the house and senate are a commission to appoint a printer in the interim until the legislature meets. Governor Ellerbe summoned the chairmen to Columbia on Saturday, they being Captain Blythe of Greenville, on the part of the house, and Senator McDaniel of Chester on the part of the senate.

The bondsmen of Mr. Calvo were

perfectly satisfied and willing that the present management of *The Register* should carry out the contract, and, indeed, felt that this was the only plant in the city which could do the work properly. In this connection it should have been mentioned that the attorney general held that the position of public printer being one of profit and trust could not be disposed of by sale or power of attorney, but that Mr. Calvo could designate some one to receipt for money in his name. He, also, held that the power of attorney given to Mr. Addison could be constructed to include the State printing, and as he had done some of the work under it he saw no reason why it should not be continued.

The family of Mr. Calvo, however, was dissatisfied with the management of *The Register*, notwithstanding, as above stated, a comfortable salary was paid to them weekly by it. Hence, yesterday, a commission de lunatico inquiring into the insanity of Mr. Calvo was instituted and Mr. Calvo was committed to the hospital for the insane. This, by the decision of the attorney general, made the office vacant.

The committee met in the governor's office yesterday morning and elected Mr. C. B. Calvo, son of Mr. C. A. Calvo, State printer, he furnishing as surities Messrs. T. J. Harper and R. B. McKay.

Mr. Calvo has no plant of his own, but he has contracted with the State Publishing company to do the work. The committee practically decided early in the morning to make the award after Mr. Calvo had satisfied them that he had arranged to get the work done. It is understood that such a deal has been on for some time, and the announcement of the result was not a surprise to any one who was enough interested to watch the course events were taking.

The State work is considerably behind now, but with a proper plant there would be no reason for a delay.

The State printing matter has, since 1890, been a bone of political contention, and it was always charged by the rivals and political enemies of *The Register* that it got the printing contract simply as a price for its support of the powers that were. This paper has, under the new management, held, and will continue to advocate, that the public printing should be given to the lowest responsible bidder as the only fair way of settling the question.

It will be interesting to note whether some of the most prominent advocates of that idea hereafter will be as enthusiastic as they were when Mr. C. A. Calvo was public printer in pushing that bill through. It will be equally interesting to watch, too, some political moves on the checker board which time will develop.—*The Register*.

What One Man Has Done.

What one man can do if he have brains, pluck, skill and energy and follows faithfully his "bent" is illustrated by the achievements of Mr. W. B. Smith Whaley of this city. We cite them "pour encourager les autres."

Mr. Whaley, as thousands of the readers of *The State* already know, is a young man and a Charlestonian, a member of a prominent family in that city. How he ever acquired a taste for mechanics in that most unmechanical of cities we really cannot imagine, but his "bent" in that direction early attained the potency of a passion. He left home to follow it. He stoked on steamers to study their engines. He determined to learn the cotton mill business, and started at the bottom, working his way through every process, practically and laboriously.

Then he entered Cornell University, took the course in civil

engineering, and graduated. Then he studied under one of the best of New England mill engineers, and perfected himself in practice as well as theory. Five years ago he came to Columbia and hung out his sign as mill engineer, recognizing the fact that this city was not only a convenient point for reaching the cotton mill region of the south, but that it was destined to become a great mill city and therefore offered opportunities.

Northern engineers at that time monopolized the designing and building of cotton mills in this section. Indeed there was not, we think, a southerner in the profession devoting himself primarily to mill construction. It was very hard for a young man, a native, a beginner, to get a chance to show what was in him. We are so accustomed to reverence that which comes from afar; and, besides, there is a natural reluctance to entrust a work of such cost and importance as a cotton mill to a "prentice hand."

In the first two years after making Columbia his home and headquarters Mr. Whaley designed and supervised the building of two mills, both relatively small—the first Union mill, and the Courtenay mill at Newry. Less than three years ago—in February, 1895—he began work on the Richland mill, and in the succeeding fall on the Granby mill, both in this city; of which enterprises he became president and manager as well as engineer and architect.

Beginning with the Richland, Mr. Whaley has in 33 months designed and built or supervised no less than six mills—the Richland and the Granby in Columbia, the new Union mill, of 70,000 spindles capacity—the largest in the State—the Avondale, at Birmingham, Ala., the Warren, at Aiken junction, and one at Orangeburg, making his total for five years eight mills. Half, or more than half of these, he has not only constructed but financed. It is safe to say that a majority of them would not have been built at all if it had not been for his efforts. All of those in operation are doing well financially. All, or nearly all, are running or will run on fine goods, Mr. Whaley being a firm believer in the ability of the South to advance by steady steps to the making of the finest fabrics.

These eight mills are not all of course full of machinery—the walls of the latest one have but just gone up, and several of the others are filling out of their profits—but they are built for and will in due time contain no less than 257,000 spindles and 7,600 looms, one-fifth the present total in South Carolina.

This is what one young man has done for industrial development in the south within five years. It is a wonderful record, and points to the possibilities that may follow in after years the development of industrial education among our youth.—*The State*.

A Chat in the Gloaming.

I had not seen Seraphine in twenty-five years. That is a large slice in a lifetime. Priscilla, who is only eighteen, regards five and twenty as mature, and thinks of forty with positive horror, and so when I tell her that Seraphine and I were girls when we parted and women with families growing up when we met, she laughs and turns away.

"Now, you are going to have a reminiscent fit, Auntie," she says, "and I'll just get my knitting and sit down and listen to you." All the girls are knitting in these days, and very warm and pretty are the garments which are turned off by their nimble needles. It is an old fashion come up again, as old fashions do, if you will only give them time enough. When I was a girl, every woman used to knit, and a very womanly occupation it is, giving time for thought, or for talk, as

expert knitter does not have to keep her eyes all the while on her clever fingers.

To return to my story, Priscilla brought her work, a sweater for Harry, and I took my bit of embroidery and then I told about Seraphine.

Of all the girls who were young with me, Seraphine Ainslie was the prettiest, the most daring, and the most interesting. She had dark red hair, a wonderful complexion, and brown eyes. Her playing and singing, her riding and driving, her skill in sewing, and her housekeeping, all did credit to her bringing up. When she married Hugh Reynolds and went West to live, none of us dreamed that she was about to enter on a life of hardship, of endurance, of strife and poverty, and of real loneliness. You see we had only the vaguest conception of what life must be for a woman in a newly settled country.

I heard from time to time, or rather I read between the lines in Seraphine's occasional letters, that life was not a play spell for her. But, till I saw her coming down the path from her house to the gate, with hands stretched out to bid her old schoolmate welcome, did not realize what the years had robbed her of. Later, I realized what the years had given her.

She was thin and worn and a little bowed in the shoulders. She had nursed so many babies and scrubbed so many floors and done so much hard work, that her cheeks had lost their lovely roses and her mouth looked sunken and drooping. Only her beautiful shining eyes were just the same and her rare smile was like the Seraphine I used to know and love. Dear Seraphine! I found out that she could still laugh, and that her smile was quick as ever, and that she was a very happy woman. Hard work cannot daunt the soul of a wife who is honored and cherished; of a mother whose children are a credit and a blessing to her.

"That," said Priscilla, "depends." She pursed her lips reflectively. "I suppose," she added, "that in your friend's case, her husband and children helped her all they could."

"They certainly did, my dear. But my point is that Seraphine never gave up entirely to the domestic routine. She kept house moderately. Sometimes she let things go. Sometimes she managed to let the children eat plain fare, and she wasn't troubled if there was now and then a window pane not quite as bright as a looking glass. She told me that she had never given up her habit of reading, that she kept a large book on hand like Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rome, for example, and read it straight through, a little every day; that she took time to call on her neighbors, though to do so meant a half-day taken from other things; and that she had never lost the precious habit of real Bible study. Another thing she had kept, and that was her music. She sat down at her parlor organ and played old tunes and hymn tunes, and her boys and girls sang, and, Priscilla, she was an interesting woman. She was more interesting in her middle age than she had been in her youth."

We had been talking and Priscilla had been knitting in the gloaming, but the light now grew so dim, that Priscilla rolled up her ball of worsted and dropped her work into the basket in the corner. Then she came and leaned her head against my knee.

We were both silent for a while. At last the girl spoke.

"Auntie, do you suppose that I love Fred enough to share privation and poverty with him, to suffer the lack of things I am accustomed to, do you?"

"Unless you do, my dear Priscilla, you have no right to become

his wife. Fair weather love does not amount to much in the voyage of life."

"Auntie," she said again, after a long pause, "Did your friend ever go through a real heart-sorrow?"

"Yes, Priscilla, when her first little girl was two years old, she sickened with scarlet fever and died."

It was in winter. They had no neighbors near them. And no doctor. Seraphine had a baby six months old. She sat beside the kitchen window, and watched her husband carry the little home-made coffin that he had knocked together from a box, carry it in his arms across the snowy fields and bury it in the grave he had dugged. If that was not a heart-breaking grief, dear, there never was one."

"But she lived beyond it and grew cheerful?"

"Yes, as we all live, who have remembered griefs. Sometimes the old wounds ache. But we know we have ~~travels~~ ^{travels} ~~land~~ ^{land} up in heaven and our Lord is very tender with his mourning ones, and so we rest against the great love we know he bears us, as against a pillow, and so we are comforted."

Mary now came in with a lamp, and said, "Ladies, tea is ready." And our chat in the gloaming was ended for that night.—*MARGARET E. SANGSTER in Christian Herald.*

Life of a President's Wife.

"The President's wife cannot for one moment relax the vigilant eye she is compelled to keep on her every word, look and action, except when she is asleep," writes a Cabinet member's wife (the administration not being stated) in a series of letters to her sister, the first of which appear in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. "She is the central figure for gossip not only of one city, but of the whole United States. If a woman were not circumspect in this position social conditions would soon become more topsy-turvy than they are at present at the capital, it seems to me. She must throw her youth behind her, or lock it up in her heart while she inhabits the White House. Of course, they do entertain one or two guests at a time at dinner or luncheon very often, but the great dignitaries are State affairs at which the precedence of individuals seems to be the foremost consideration, and the occasions are formal, almost to the extent of being stiff and uncomfortable to an easy-going person like me."

"Mrs. President suffers from some of the same trammels of etiquette and conventionality endured by the crowned heads of Europe. For that matter, all prominent State officials and their families lose their personal freedom somewhat as soon as they take office. Imagine Mrs. President walking down town for a morning's shopping, or dropping in on a friend to visit, to 'set a spell,' as Aunt Jin used to say! I miss my friends more than anything else in Washington. There is not a single place in the city where I can go informally."

Big Business.

To those papers in the towns which seem disposed to magnify cotton mill productions beyond usual importance. The *Index* rises to remark somewhat on a Greenwood mill's achievement.

A recent shipment from Greenwood Cotton Mill consisted of 22 whole cars—a solid train—of exports. The cars went direct to New York. Most of the goods go to China.

Who beats that?—*Greenwood Index.*

He (looking at the window)—It's so bright and cheerful within and so cold and gloomy without.

She—Without what?

He—Why, without you, dearest.—*Chicago News.*

Making a Home.

Perhaps the greatest work that two people do on earth is to create a home, writes Ian MacLaren, for this institution lies at the basis of the church and of the commonwealth. If two people have done nothing else but raise a home filled with the faith of God and the love of man, they have deserved well. For a home is never to be considered as a mere sublimated lodging-house, where it is possible food may be better cooked and more comfort secured than in rooms. Nor is marriage to be thought of as nothing but a legal partnership, to be dissolved when convenient. Home is the nursery of human life, by every arrangement of nature as well as the Eternal. It is also the place where the beauty of a woman's moral character comes to its flower, and where man, too much the victim of inherent selfishness, learns at last to be self-sacrificing and brave. It is the place where the character of a nation is formed; and, therefore, in this present day, when many institutions are being criticised, and when some are being rudely shaken, let us take care that no impious hand ever be laid upon the sanctity of home. It is an unfortunate condition of society when there are any other conditions regarding the creation of a home save love and thrift. Most unfortunate when false ideas of life and of drudgery prevent two people who love each other uniting for this enterprise. It would be an unspeakable disaster if unbelief should ultimately lay her hand upon our homes; for the moment that the home disappears in its strength and purity, the foundations, not only of the church, but of the State, shall be finally shaken.—*Christian Herald.*

The Bishop's Conundrum.

Here is a story an Alabama man tells of Bishop Wilmer. It happened soon after the war. Bishop Wilmer had gone to a northern city to ask aid for a confederate orphan's home in which he was interested. There was a dinner in his honor, and after dinner the bishop was begged to tell a story or two. The bishop said he hadn't a story.

"But," he added, "I've got a conundrum. Why are we southerners like Lazarus?"

The guests—they were all Union men, by the way—suggested many answers. The southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate of the crumbs from the rich man's table, because of everything that anybody could guess.

"No," said the bishop, "you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because"—and he smiled blandly—"because we've been licked by Japs."

A roar of laughter went round at that, for the bishop's utter unceremoniousness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one mottled-faced man, who became very indignant.

"Well," he snorted, "if you think we're dogs, why in—pot earth—have you come here to beg for our money—for the money of dogs?"

The bishop chuckled. "My mottled friend," said he, "the hair of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I've come."—*Washington Post.*

A Georgia colored minister preached this good doctrine to his people: "But tain't no use ter trouble along dat narrer path 'less yer can carry, folded up in yer crier, a good recommendation from yer crierditors. Heben ain't no place fur men who has to dodge round a corner fur fear of meetin' someone who will ask for at little bill dat nebber was paid."

Law suits are too expensive for most people to go courting in.

About Small-Pox.

It is not known where small-pox originated, but it is said to have existed in China many centuries before Christ. It prevailed in the sixth century and was widespread at the time of the Crusades. It was brought to America by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century. Inoculation was introduced in Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1718, and vaccination was discovered by Jenner in 1798.

Small-pox is one of the most contagious diseases; persons exposed are almost invariably attacked, though a few persons seem to be insusceptible to the disease. All ages are subject to it, but it is particularly fatal to children. Among aboriginal races small-pox is terribly fatal. When the disease was first introduced into America the Mexicans died by thousands, and the North American Indians have frequently been decimated by the plague. The negro is especially susceptible, and the mortality is greater—about 42 per cent in the black, against 29 per cent in the white race.

The disease is not believed to be contagious until the eruption develops. The poison clings tenaciously to everything it touches.

One of the worst epidemics in modern times was in Montreal in 1885. It was carried there from Chicago by a Pullman-car conductor, and in nine months 3,164 persons died of the disease in the city. The people were largely unprotected, as many of the French Canadians were opposed to vaccination.

Virus from an eruptive disease of the cow and inoculated into man produces a local pock with constitutional disturbance, which affords protection, more or less permanent, against the small pox. This is what is called vaccination. The vaccine is taken either directly from the calf, or from persons vaccinated. The duration of the immunity is extremely variable. In some instances it is permanent, but a majority of persons become again susceptible to the disease within ten or twelve years, though the disease is usually milder and the mortality much less. This milder form is called varioloid.

The mortality in persons who have been vaccinated is from 6 to 8 per cent, whereas in the unvaccinated it is at least 35 per cent. Statistics of 5,000 cases give, with good marks, 8 per cent; with fair marks, 14 per cent; with poor marks, 27 per cent; post-vaccinal cases, 16 per cent; unvaccinated cases, 58 per cent.

We get this information, and quote the language to some extent, from *The Principles and Practice of Medicine*, by William Osler, M.D., professor of medicine in the Johns Hopkins University.

Cotton Growers' Convention.

Judging from the vague reports of the Atlanta Cotton Growers' Convention, it seems that it has practically done just about what township, county and state conventions have been doing, to wit, referred the matter to another convention. It seems that the local doctors believe the whole system is diseased and needs a tonic, but they hesitate to give a positive diagnosis or write out a definite prescription until they have had all the doctors of the country in consultation. Doubtless there is something wrong with the system, the consultation is important, and a tonic is desirable, but the patient has acute troubles that will not wait for the remote and gradual effects of a tonic. She has periodic attacks at annual intervals, and she does not recover from the effects of one till another is upon her. The next attack will be due next fall, and a preventive must be administered within a month or two to be effective. We think that for the present emergency, "every man his own doctor" is a good maxim.

In plain English, every farmer

should so arrange his planting as to be independent of cotton next fall. He should aim to raise a sufficiency of everything necessary for independent subsistence, and a little surplus for sale. Then one can hold his cotton till the spinner must have it, when the producer can say what he will take for it. Thus he will have a double advantage; he can get a good price for his cotton, and he can live and thrive without cotton.

By the way, we have little faith in the plan of forming a trust to control the cotton market. We are afraid it would not result in any permanent good, if indeed some sharper would not take advantage of it to fleece the cotton growers. The individual remedy is sure and safe.

Items From Wise.

This forenoon all nature seemed to smile exultingly. The sun shone brightly and its rays danced and glistened on the few remaining forest leaves, which seemed to vie with each other in radiance of splendor. Soon the sun hid its face, clouds began to overshadow the sky and now there are good indications of a ~~crystal~~ ^{crystal} ~~weather~~ ^{weather} being unsaluted to view. What then? That inherent disposition so characteristic of human nature, viz., discontent, would then display itself with full force. We all have Pandora's box, but unfortunately some of us are prone to let only its fly out, never realizing that every ill has a corresponding joy, if we would only allow it to present itself. But we are acting inconsistently ourselves in letting fly that ill of "crossing bridges too soon," while enjoining upon others the beauty of setting free only joys, for the snow has not yet come and even the indications have disappeared since the above was written.

One of the most pleasurable events of the season was a party given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Wright on last Friday evening. Those who had before partaken of the kind hospitality of our genial host and hostess knew what was in store for them when they received an invitation for the 10th. Early the guests began to assemble and soon the house was filled with a coterie of smiling faces. From the pleasant smiles and tender glances, cupid evidently "sent his darts straight to the hearts" of some, and doubtless a few told stories of "linked sweetness long drawn out."

"Take the romance out of life, Little can remain But bereavement storm and strife, Bitter toil and pain; Yet beyond the world's control, Beautiful and bright, Lies a kingdom of the soul, Filled with love's delight."

The evening was very pleasantly spent in conversation, games and dancing. It was with reluctance that adieus were said, but all were buoyed by the hope of being similarly entertained again soon.

Among those present were Messrs. Richard Woods, Jesse Hardin, Vance Davidson, Gill Bennett, John and James McCadden, John Horn, and Earl Colvin, of Chester; and John Barber, of Wellridge.

Mrs. Robert Douglas and Miss May Wise, of Rodman, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilks, of Chester, visited Mr. Alexander Wise's family last week.

Christmas, with its attendant joys, is fast approaching. The school children are already pleading for a two weeks holiday. They doubtless wish the custom of burning the yule log was still in vogue, for they imagine that they could obtain one that would burn for several weeks, if a vacation of that length were the reward.

One of the chief attractions for the holidays is a Christmas tree, which is to be at Sunshine Academy, on the night of the 24th. All are cordially invited to come and "participate in the joys of the occasion." Miss Alice McCauley, who is attending school at Statesville, N. C., and Cadet Clifton Wise, of Clemson College, are expected to spend the holidays at their homes at this place.

Miss Mary Osborne, our talented

teacher, will spend the holidays at her home, near Lockhart Shoals.

Dr. J. S. Wise, our successful physician, assisted Dr. Pryor in a very difficult operation last week.

Lockhart Locals.

LOCKHART, Dec. 13.—How like a cool drink of water when one is thirsty is a newspaper published at home. How quickly it is unfolded and all the local news taken in, then the letters from the different scribes are devoured with avidity, then the general news and the "ads" come next, ending with Mrs. Pinkham. Even her picture looks fresher and brighter in one's home paper. By the way, time seems to lay his hand lightly on the good old lady, as she looks as young as she did ten years ago.

But pardon this digression; I have no news to write. Everything seemingly is moving along lovely. The mill has several thousand bales of cotton, which is being converted into cloth at a lively rate. It would surprise a hayseed to see how fast. A common weaver can weave from four to five hundred yards a day and an expert much more. ~~These~~ ^{These} ~~black~~ ^{black} ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~here~~ ^{here} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~mills~~ ^{mills}.

Mr. J. J. Dallas, of the Armenia section, is with us with his team, hauling for Lockhart Mills Co.

Rev. Sanders Guignard, of the Episcopal Church, filled his appointment here yesterday. So did the Rev. Owens of the Presbyterian church. They both preached seasonal and appropriate sermons.

The Brawley family, who came to this country from Ireland in 1882, are to have a family reunion at the home of their mother, in your town. Dr. J. C. Brawley, one of their number, who is with us, is looking forward with pleasant anticipations.

Baton Rouge News

Christmas will soon be upon us, and the young people are somewhat at a loss to know what kind of fun to have, though they are making preparations for a Christmas tree, for the benefit of Calvary church.

We have a flourishing Sunday school at our church. Our superintendent, Mr. Calhoun Mayfield, is doing a good work there. Misses. Camilla and Lizzie Estes, were in this neighborhood last week calling on friends.

Some of our young people attended the hot supper at Willsburg last Wednesday night. They enjoyed it very much.

Miss Lena Smith has gone on a visit to her sister, Mrs. F. S. Mobley, in Sumter County.

Master Wallace Hafner visited his aunt, Mrs. S. M. Cornwell last week.

Mr. Hope Wise visited his father, Mr. W. H. Wise, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Pressly, spent last Sabbath in this neighborhood.

The health of this community is excellent at the present writing.

PANSY.

Dec. 13, 1897.

HOG KILLING TIME

IS UPON US . . .
AND YOU WILL NEED

SALT

TO KEEP THE MEAT.

We want you to try a Sack of **UNDINE SALT**, put up in 100 lb. white cotton bags, and is clean, fine and white; nice enough for table or dairy use.

Then get some of our **NEW LARD TINS** to put your lard in and you will be fixed.

Remember us for anything needed about the home or farm.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. LINDSAY & SON,

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Walker Bld'g, CHESTER, S. C.

Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

J. B. ATKINSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTER, S. C.

(Office over Davis Drug Store)

Prompt and careful attention to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

PRYOR & McKEE,

DRUGGISTS.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

Teachers and Others

Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are MONDAY and SATURDAY.

W. D. KNOX,

County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER,

POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

NEXT DOOR TO STANLEY'S JEWELRY STORE.

Application for Discharge.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Cherokee County.

Notice is hereby given that on January 12, 1898, I will make application to the Hon. J. C. Wilson, Judge of Probate, for final discharge as administrator of estate of James W. Aiken, deceased. This December 13, 1897.

J. ALLEN BOYD,

Administrator.

Jan-7-8

Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries,

Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's

Fancy Candies.

Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

NOTICE!

What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBAL HOUSE. Where is the Kimbal House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble—

Big 4 Restaurant

where meals and hot lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms all the time. FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hands all the winter. Your humble servants,

JOHNSON & CO.

PHONE 72. 1655

S. M. Jones & Co.

BIG SALE!

Great Reduction! 30 Days Only!

WE MUST MOVE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc.

We offer this \$60,000 Stock positively at a reduction of 15 to 25 per cent.

We Offer Special Reduction in Dress Goods.

25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$7.00, now \$5.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$6.00, now \$4.00
25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$5.00, now \$3.50
50 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$4.00, now \$3.00

Our before this beautiful line is closed out. They are going fast and can't be duplicated.

20 pieces Ladies' Broad Cloth, in all shades, former price 75c, now 65 c.

See our line of Silk Velvets, largest line in the City.

25 pieces, in all the shades, prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

5 pieces black, prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

100 pieces all-Wool Dress Goods, 26 inches wide, in all shades, now going at 25 cts.

100 pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all the newest shades, now going at 20 cts.

200 pieces Dress Goods, double width, all shades, will be closed out at 12 1-2 cts.

150 pieces Black Cashmeres, Henrietta, Serges, &c. Greatest bargains ever offered in Chester.

See our line of all-Wool Serge at 25 and 30 cts.

25 Black Henriettas at 25 cts., worth 40 cts.

25 Black Henriettas at 50 cts., worth 75 cts.

Silk Warps Henriettas at \$1 and \$1.50.

FLANNEL AND BLANKET DEPARTMENT.

50 pieces all-Wool Red Twill Flannel at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts.

25 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 15 cts., worth 25 cts.

50 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 20 to 35 cts.

25 pieces White Flannel and Twill at 12 1-2 to 50 cts.

See our line of Blankets. Must be sold. 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts.

10 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts.

10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 4 cts., worth 5 cts.

10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 5 cts., worth 6 1-4 cts.

You will never have this opportunity again to buy Domestics at the above prices. These prices are lower than 4 cts. cotton.

JEANS, DICKEY'S KERSEY AND CASSEMERES.

Largest line in the upcountry going at a sacrifice. We offer:

50 pieces at 10 cts., worth 15 cts. 50 pieces at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts.

50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 25 pieces at 20 and 25 cts., worth 40 cts.

See this line of Pants Cloth before buying. You will save big money.

100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 3 cts.

100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts., selling anywhere at 7 cts.

2 cases Indigo Blues at 5 cts., just received.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We are Headquarters in this line. See our line of MISSES' and WOMAN'S SHOES at 75 cts., worth \$1.00.

Our \$1.00 Shoes is the talk of the entire Country. It can't be duplicated no where. Our line of the Celebrated—

"LILLY BRACKET," SELZ SCHWAB and SACHS SHOES,

all guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Each of these lines are well known—need no recommendation.

Our stock of BOOTS and RUBBERS are also complete.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING!

Great reduction—must be sold at or below cost. We will positively not carry any Goods over. We therefore commence today and will SLAUGHTER PRICES.

If you want the best all-Wool suit in the State for \$4.00, we have it.

If you want the best BLACK CHEVIOT SUIT at \$1.90, we have it.

50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00.

50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

See our line from \$1.25 to \$5.00—all to be sold at a reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. at and below cost.

WE OFFER—50 Black and Blue Clay Wored Suits, Sacks and Cutaways, at \$5.00, worth \$8.00.

See our line of BUSINESS SUITS, \$5.00 to \$10.00, and you will be convinced we are making prices to discount 4 cts. cotton. Such Bargains would not be offered if cotton was selling at 7 cts. COME and buy Clothing and all other Goods on the basis of 5 cts. cotton.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT!

Are you in need of anything in this line? See our 20 cts. net-vest, selling everywhere at 25 cts. See our 50 cts. line, 60 per cent. wool, guaranteed, selling elsewhere at 75 cts.

Our \$1.00 Vest is a beauty, former price \$1.50.

LADIES' WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS, Etc.

100 Capes at \$1, worth \$1.50. 200 Capes and Jackets \$1.25, worth \$2.

150 Capes and Jackets \$1.50, worth \$2.00.

100 Capes and Jackets from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

We are having a big run on Wraps. Just received large assortment of Plush Capes, which will go at the reduction of 25 per cent.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING!

If you wish a Carpet we are the people to see. We will save you the solid cash. See our line of Rugs and Carpet Remnants, 1,000 pieces Carpet Remnants at 30 cts. a piece, 1 to 15 length.

Our line of RUGS and CARPETS are large and subject to your discount. We sell Rugs at and below cost. They must go out of the house in order to realize the cash.

Groceries, Hardware, Saddles, Harness, Plows, &c.

If you want \$1.25 worth of Groceries for \$1 come to S. M. JONES & Co.

Do you want a Saddle, Buggy and Harness? If so, call on us, and we will save you money.

We have the stuff. It must be converted into cash. Remember we do not carry over any stock. We do not believe it is business to carry goods from one year to another. Quick sales and small profits if we can, if not quick sales and no profit.

WAGONS! WAGONS! BUGGIES! BUGGIES!

Do you wish the best Wagon on earth? If so, buy the celebrated STUDEBAKER. It runs light as a feather.

We have sold (3) three carriages this season. The people know a good thing when they see it. Don't buy cheap Wagons when you can buy the best make at the same price.

We have just received 100 Bushels of the genuine Little Red May Wheat for seed.

We also have Rye, Barley and Home Raised Oats for seed.

Give us a call, and you will be convinced S. M. JONES & CO. is the store to get the most and the best goods for the least money.

Yours truly,

S. M. JONES & CO.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.
No advertisements inserted as reading matter.

Fresh Antitoxine at McCoy's Drug Store. 2t

Holiday Goods going cheap at Hamilton's Bookstore—call before you buy.

Blank Receipts—Printed on good white paper, and bound in books of 100 each, for sale at this office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILLIAM LINDSAY & CO. say something appropriate for hog-killing time.

JOS. A. WALKER offers good things for Christmas.

J. ALLEN BOYD gives notice of application for final discharge.

LOCAL NEWS.

Don't fail to pay your tax before Dec. 31st. No extension of time.

Do you want THE LANTERN? If so, say so, and we shall cultivate your desire.

Rev. J. S. Moffatt will preach next Sabbath on Lawlessness, particularly homicide.

The excursion from Chester to Lancaster on last Sabbath had only 43 passengers on board.

The Graded School will close for the holidays on Thursday 23rd and resume work Monday Jan. 3rd.

J. B. Westbrook, Esq., was in the city last night. He will locate at Gastonia the first of the new year.

Winthrop College has been closed until Jan. 3rd, on recommendation of special commission of physicians.

Mack, we haven't received that letter yet you were going to send THE LANTERN. But by the way, Joe didn't write that other one.

The town of Lancaster has passed an ordinance requiring every inhabitant to be treated with "pure bovine vaccine virus."

When a man gets so he can see two electric lights where there is only one he has taken one drink too many.

Mrs. Nann Belt of Waltherboro killed a hog last week which weighed 615 pounds and which yielded 305 pounds of lard.

Ned Young, colored, dropped dead Wednesday in front of the store of G. L. Kennedy & Co., at Blackstock.

Dr. W. G. White, of Yorkville, and Hon. W. H. Stewart, of Rock Hill, visited Mr. W. A. White's family last week.

That old well at "the locust tree" on the old nursery lot is more dangerous to the children of Chester than the small-pox.

On yesterday Mr. J. D. Means put water-works in his building occupied by Jas. Hamilton, Sr. This is the first private connection.

The Edgemoor Dramatic Club will give an entertainment at Edgemoor Wednesday evening, Dec. 22. Proceeds for benevolent purpose.

Rev. D. N. McLaughlin will preach Sabbath morning on the Crime of Shedding Human Blood, and Sabbath evening on the Religious Duty of Mental Improvement.

Mr. J. M. Caldwell, of Wellridge, says much more grain than usual is being sown in his neighborhood. He thinks raising supplies at home will prove to be the correct solution of the problem.

Mr. Thos. Gresham, the popular Railroad Hotel man, is becoming an enthusiastic disciple of Nimrod. He shot at twenty birds Wednesday and killed 18—but one of them was a rabbit.

The freight trains on the C. & N.-W. will be annulled on Dec. 25 and 27th, 1897, and on January 1st and 3rd, 1898. Freight depots will also be closed on the above dates.

Mrs. Leila Cornwell, who has been living on Maiden Lane for some time, moves to-day to Lucy street, where she will at an early date open a boarding house.

Persons who have engaged to furnish THE LANTERN with news items from their respective neighborhoods are expected to write with some reasonable degree of regularity.

Messrs. Thos. and Monroe Woods, who have been conducting blacksmith and wood shops at Lowryville for a number of years, are moving to Lockhart, where they will continue the same business.

The dog killer is dead—doubly dead, we suppose, if it will stay dead. Mr. Musco Boulevard killed it in this county, and about the same time some one else killed it in York county. When Mr. Boulevard killed it, it was in the shape of a brindled dog.

About two months ago, some person or persons put a dam across Tanyard branch where it enters the Columbia street culvert, and the said obstruction still remains there. We suggest that the city detectives be set to work on the case. In the mean time, the dam might be removed.

Christmas Tree at Baton Rouge.

There will be a Christmas tree at Baton Rouge Academy Friday, Dec. 24, 4 o'clock p. m. The proceeds for the benefit of Calvary church.

Christmas Tree.

The young ladies of the Methodist church will have a Christmas tree in the opera house on Thursday night, Dec. 23rd. There will be a present for every one who attends.

Chancellor Matthews.

We stated a few days ago that Rev. W. T. Matthews was considering an invitation to become chancellor of the Presbyterian College at Clinton. A Clinton special to the State, dated Dec. 15th, says:

The Rev. W. T. Matthews, of Westminster, S. C., has accepted the position of chancellor of Clinton college. His duty will be to represent the college before the public and to travel for the endowment fund, also to solicit students. He will bring his family to Clinton and begin work about the first of January.

Handsome Delivery.

Another ornament on wheels is the delivery wagon of the Standard Oil Company. The running gear is much like that of a good strong, up-to-date wagon, made for short turns. The part for carrying the oil is a large metal cylinder, perhaps 30 to 36 inches in diameter and 10 or 12 feet long, handsomely painted and labeled. It has arrangements at the top for filling from their large tank, at the railroad, and at the bottom for delivering to the trade, without handling the oil.

In Social Circles.

The belles and beaux of the city were charmingly entertained by Miss Kate Gaston Tuesday evening, in honor of her cousin, Miss Kate Gaston, of Montgomery. The prizes for the most versatile talker in the game of "Progressive Conversation" were won by Miss Ethel Means and Dr. H. E. McConnell. The speeches of presentation were made in a happy manner by Messrs. J. Buford Atkinson and R. B. Caldwell.

The Young Ladies' Book Club will "receive" (presumably their beaux) at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Youngblood, next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Paul Hemphill gave a "celebrity" party yesterday evening, complimentary to the Up-to-date Book Club.

For a Girl and \$5,000.

T. Allen McQuary writes us that he will pass through Chester one of these days and will give a free lecture at night in regard to his trip. He wanted to marry an Arkansas girl, and her father consented at last only on certain very peculiar

conditions, the principal of which were that he should start penniless, make all expenses in an honorable way, and make a trip around the world on a black horse (when on land) accompanied by two black dogs. He is to wear the costume of an ancient knight. The only country specified in his route is Cuba; where he must secure the signature of the commander-in-chief of the insurgents, also of the Spanish chief. He must also obtain the signature and date stamp of the postmaster of every town he passes through, also the signature and seal of the president or monarch of every country he visits. His reward for fulfilling the conditions is the girl and \$5,000, but for the loss of either dog he will forfeit \$1,000 of the reward.

Schumann Recital.

The Derthick Musical Club gave a Schumann Recital last evening at the home of Miss Emma Lewis.

PROGRAM:

Characterization of Schumann—Read by Miss Louise McFadden.
Analysis of each selection—Read by Mrs. J. J. Stringfellow.

1. Joyous Peasant—Mrs. M. V. Patterson.
2. Voice—Thou, Ring upon my Finger—Mrs. J. A. Blake.
3. Piano—The Bird as a Prophet—Mrs. A. G. Brice.
4. Piano—Nocturne in F. (op. 21, no. 1)—Miss Emma Lewis.
5. Piano—Nocturne (E major op. 21, no. 7)—Miss Louise McFadden.
6. Chorus—Farewell, Dear Home—Arr. from David—Members of the Club.

Arm Broken.

Wednesday night Carl Stahn, who was near the door of his father's store, caught another boy in sport, and was thrown against the sharp edge of the door in such a way as to bend both bones of his arm considerably out of place. Dr. DaVega was called and found it necessary to break one of the bones to get the arm in proper shape. He will soon be all right, but in the mean time Mr. Stahn is minus one clerk at a busy time, and Carl will be somewhat short on Christmas.

Candidate for Judge.

Mr. J. E. McDonald, of Winnsboro, was in the city yesterday being on his way to Charleston. He is a candidate for judge to succeed Judge Witherspoon, and is confident of success. The only other avowed candidate is Mr. Gage, of Chester, though it is said that Senator Ragsdale of Fairfield has his eye on the place too.—Register.

Blackstock Pick-ups.

Dec. 16.—About 2 o'clock Wednesday a colored man named Ned Young, better known as "Hollin Ned," dropped dead in front of Mr. G. L. Kennedy's store. It is said that he was sitting on the steps leading from the pavement to the street when suddenly he fell backward and was unconscious. Dr. J. Adams Hayne was summoned and used every effort to revive him, but he had breathed his last.

Mr. Jno. R. Craig, who went to Charleston Monday as delegate of the Masonic lodge of this place, returned Wednesday night.

Mr. M. M. Brice is studying telegraphy under our handsome operator, "Vic" Ward.

Mr. D. A. Dietz will move to North Carolina soon.

Mrs. K. M. Mobley is visiting her mother in Rock Hill.

Miss Annie Mobley is visiting friends in Lancaster.

Mr. H. A. Holder went to Chester Wednesday.

Mrs. J. C. Mackorel has returned from Winnsboro, where she spent a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott returned to Columbia, after a short visit to their brother, Mr. W. J. Simpson.

A few days ago Douglas will leave in a few days for Charleston.

Blackstock is on a boom. A stranger passing up town saw all the clerks sitting in front of the stores.

Mr. J. C. Mackorel is in Winnsboro clerking for Mr. J. D. McCarty.

PERSONALS.

Misses Mary and Ada Corkill returned from Rock Hill last Friday.

D. E. Finley, Esq., of Yorkville, S. C., was in the city yesterday.

Maj. G. W. F. Harper, of the C. & N. W. spent last night in the city.

Mrs. Mary Hardin returned last Tuesday from a week's visit at Carlisle.

Mr. J. L. Davidson, of the C. & N.-W., spent Tuesday in Hickory, N. C., on railroad business.

Mrs. Samuel Leard spent last Wednesday with Mrs. J. Lyles Glenn, on her way from Manning to Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. R. A. Crowell, of Albemarle, N. C., visited the family of Mr. W. M. Corkill last Sunday and Monday.

Items From Capers Chapel.

Rev. J. E. Mahaffey, we are glad to say, has been returned to Chester circuit for his future pastoral year.

Mrs. Davis Kirkpatrick and Master Frank, of Bascomville, are visiting at Mrs. J. W. Ferguson's.

The closing exercises of the Capers Chapel school, which has been efficiently taught by Mrs. E. C. Lowry, will take place the afternoon of Friday, 17th instant.

We regret the illness of Miss Fannie Withers, who, since suspending school at Guthrieville some days ago, has been at her father's home.

Mr. R. J. Herndon and Mr. Herbert Ferguson, of Yorkville, visited Mr. J. W. Ferguson this week.

Mr. J. Frazer Harden must be complimented on having the finest field of wheat between Chester and Lowryville.

Mr. J. W. Ferguson and family hope to spend the happy Christmas tide within the walls of their handsome new dwelling, where they will be at home to their friends.

Items From Leeds.

Mr. Editor: It has been some time since I have written a note to your paper. Times are very dull about Leeds and I believe the five-cent cotton is about all sold, and perhaps the farmers will rest easy for a while.

I do not hear so much talk of hard times, though I saw a fellow some time ago who was sitting crying, and being asked what was the matter, he said he was thinking of hard times. So it must have been hard times.

Christmas is drawing near and the ball season has begun.

I am not like the preacher whom our friend Mr. R. R. Jeffries was speaking of last week, who was going to preach on Christmas day and did not know the meaning of it.

Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair—"Keep it dark."

CHESTER HAND LAUNDRY.

All kinds of Laundry work done by hand—no torn clothes. Everything in first-class style and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. LUM, Under Old Fellows' Hall.

Below COST!

We have a selection of very ARTISTIC PICTURES, consisting of "Yards," facsimile Water Colors, Etchings, Artotypes, etc., which we will sell—

Below Actual Cost,

to close them out.

NOTHING NICER than a Nice Picture for a Christmas remembrance.

CHILDS & EDWARDS.

Dec. 7, '97.

Don't Put Off!

Remember the Twenty-five per cent. Reduction at R. BRANDT'S JEWELRY STORE.

The Biggest, Brightest Stock ever Shown in the Four Counties.

Come early and select your presents. Have you seen the Celebrated "WAVE CREST" Ware? Hand painted. * makes handsome presents.

Lady's Solid 14k watches, complete for \$24.00, at \$18.00. \$24.00 watches at \$30.00 EVERYTHING REDUCED LIKEWISE.

Buy the original and genuine "ROGERS" Knives and Forks, reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.70 per set.

All Fine China and Cut Glass reduced twenty-five per cent.

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler,
Under Tower Clock, CHESTER, S. C.

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE

AND

Worsted Suits

Worth \$10. Going at \$7.50

All Wool Suits, worth \$7.50, going

at \$5.00, at

Jos. Wylie AND COMPANY'S.

THE FOLLOWING FOR Christmas FIT FOR ANY TABLE All Best Fancy Goods at Walker's New Store.

Canton Ginger, Celery Salt	Edam Cheese	Cherries on Straws	Cocoa, Chocolate	Citron, Coconuts	Raisins, Currants	Prunes, Figs, Dates	Cranberries, Walnuts	Hint's Mince Meat—1, 2 & 3 lb cans	Almonds, Plum Pudding	Durkee's Salad Dressing	Olive Oil, Catsup	Pecans, Filberts	Grated Pineapple, Apricots—	Crystallized Candy	Lowney's Fine Chocolates	Coconut Taffy	Peanut Taffy	Extracts, all flavors and of the best.	Full line ground spices	Fair, Oatcakes	Tapico, Corn Starch	Malaga Grapes	Bon Bons	Pudding	Oranges, Apples, Bananas,	Royal Baking Powder	Best Patent Flour	Icing Sugar	Baker's Chocoate	Bromangelon Jelly—Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry and Cherry.	Pickles—Sweet and Sour.
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Everything warranted and first-class at Walker's, the leading grocer.

Phone 84.

JOS. A. WALKER.

Rock Hill Herald.

The Herald is obliged to Messrs. Hamilton & Heyman, managers of the Chester opera house, for complimentary tickets to Fields & Hanson's Big Minstrels, booked for that city last night. Our young friends were anxious for us to see the "Improved system of lighting" the theatre. It is rumored, however, that Chester has considered the matter of establishing a "pea show" and we were afraid we might be its first occupant. Our Chester friends are said to have "blood in their eye" for this scribe.

